

# WITH THE MODERN WOMAN COMES THE MODERN FAN

Those Who Despaired of Sentiment at the Entrance of the New Woman May Look Up from Their Languishings for the Fan—the Sign of Her Femininity—She Still Carries with Her.

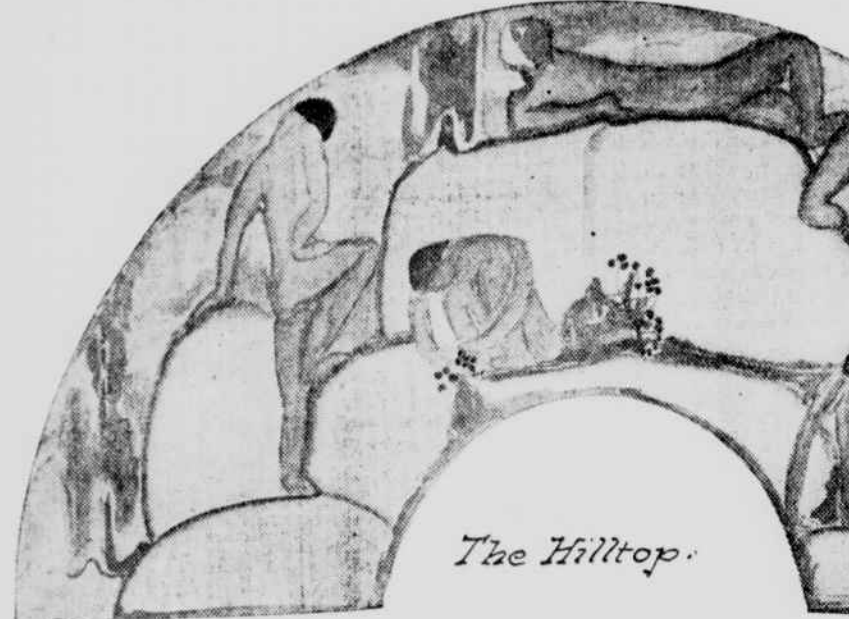
By Margaret Breedon.

**H**AVE you seen the futurist fan? Before you protest that there is a contradiction in terms in that question, which links a dainty trifle with the most radical movement in art, make pause. For there is such a thing as a futurist fan. You can see it for yourself if you wander around to the studio of Marguerite Zorach—wander is the only word which will describe the method by which one can reach that studio. If you go to Jefferson Market and then

customed. It only seems strange that nobody did it before. There is sound philosophy in it, too. At least it sounds that way when the Zorachs talk. The fan had in the beginning and has now a real reason for being. And so has the new movement in art. So, fundamentally, there is nothing antagonistic in the two. How long have there been fans in the world? Probably as long as there has been the desire for a free expression in art, and that is something which did not come into being with the cubists or the futurists or the post-impressionists.



A design for a fan.



The Hilltop.



Mrs. Marguerite Zorach, designer of the "Modern" fans



The Blue Lake.

walk just far enough from the corner where the little old one-cent coffee stand is, and then climb the right stairway and make just the right turns, you will come to the studio where the Zorachs live and paint and embroider and talk about art. And there you will find the futurist fan. In fact, you will find several. For Mrs. Zorach is an enthusiast on both futurism and fans.

After you have looked at the fans and talked to the Zorachs—for Mr. Zorach, while he has never forsaken canvas to paint fans, is, if anything, more interested in his wife's work than she is herself—you will find yourself revising that preconceived notion of yours about a contradiction in terms.

In the first place, when you see the fans there doesn't seem to be anything so strange in the fact that good strong colors and real pictures should be painted upon fans, instead of the wispy-washy colors and the silly designs to which we have been ac-

tionists or with any other school—at least, that is what the Zorachs will tell you.

How long will there be fans in the world? If you give that seemingly unimportant question a moment's thought, you will come to the conclusion that so long as there is one woman left in the world there will be fans. The modern girl has clasped the tennis racket in her tanned hand, she has hugged in her arms the basketball, she has toyed with the brassie. But never, never, has she given up the fan. Even when she reaches out her hand for the ballot she keeps safe in her possession, somewhere, a fan. And in this she has been wise. Of course, the fan has deteriorated. But that, as the Zorachs will tell you, is not the fault of the fan itself.

It was while Mrs. Zorach was studying art in Paris that she became especially interested in fans. There was something of accident in it. She and a friend of hers, in order to make money to go on with their studies, used to

make art novelties to sell. Mrs. Zorach made a number of fans which were rather unusual and found a ready market for them. She found that the shape of a fan lent itself to many beautiful designs, which the more conventional squares and oblongs did not. The chance for balancing her design appealed to her so strongly that she began to make serious experiments in painting fans. Then she studied the old fans in the museums and found that they were most interesting.

"Those old fans which we see, prized in glass cases, were a real expression of art," says Mrs. Zorach. "Like most of the beautiful old things the earlier ones were peasant art. There was a practical reason for the first fan, of course—I suppose somebody took a big leaf on a hot day and used it for a fan. Always in warm countries, of course, people will use fans, if they are nothing more than leaves. But with fans, as with everything else—household utensils, for instance, ornamentation soon began.

"Way back in the days when men used hieroglyphics instead of words to make their records, and when pictures were cut on stone, we find that they had fans. I remember when I was a little girl looking at the pictures in a book of Bible stories. There was one to illustrate the story of Pharaoh's daughter finding the little Moses in the bulrushes. The thing I remember most about that picture was the wonderful fan—it seemed to be almost as large and certainly as gorgeous as a peacock's tail—which the princess held as she bent over the stream to look at the baby. Probably the man who made that picture didn't know one thing about Egypt, and copied some fan which he had seen in a shop window; but for all that, he wasn't altogether wrong. I feel quite sure that Pharaoh's daughter

did carry a fan. So why quibble how big it was or how bright?

"The most beautiful fans, I think, are the French ones. Of course, we always associate fans with Spain. You couldn't imagine a proud daughter of Castile without a fan, could you? But the Spanish fans, while they are often-times exquisite, are not so interesting to a painter. They are usually made of lace and the beauty lies in the delicacy of the lace and in the carving of the sticks. It has been in France, therefore, that most attention has been given to the painted fan.

"There are exquisite fans of the period of Watteau. They show, of course, the art impulse of that time. That is a point in proof of what I was saying about fans, in the past, having been real works of art, instead of silly, conventionalized things, as so many of

them are to-day. There is no reason in the world why they should not be artistic, is there, just because they are small and are painted, usually upon silk?"

When Mrs. Zorach asks this question at the same time that she is handing you another of her fans to look at there is only one answer which can be made, and that is the answer which she, a lover of fans, expects.

## Of Historical Import.

Fans have a real historical value, according to Mrs. Zorach. It is not only that they show the history of art, but they record also many facts. Just as the stories of tournaments and of family pride have been woven into tapestries and worked into lace, so there are many old fans which tell stories of brave men of old and their ladies fair. The fan has been an important part of the coronation splendor of queens, and the stories which can be read from the ones which have been preserved are many and interesting.

But it isn't only in the rare old fans that Mrs. Zorach has been interested. She has sat with old hags beside their cabins in the South Sea Islands and watched them weave their fans and teach the children how to plait the reeds and leaves. She has in her studio several fans which she brought back with her from the far-off tropical island of the Pacific when she made a trip around the world, and while she is proud of the fact that she learned with the dusky children how to make those simple fans, she says modestly that she never hopes to make these fans as the simple people of the islands make them.

From that trip around the world Mrs. Zorach brought back more than the knowledge of how to make the simple fans of the country. She brought back wonderful pictures of things which she

had seen, which she has painted upon fans. Of all the places she visited she loved India most. That was because there is such a wealth of color in that land.

## A Color Loving Race.

"The country itself is rather drab," she says. "But the people love color as few people do. So, to gratify that longing, they paint their houses the most wonderful shades, and they wear clothing which quite puts to shame the drab, Puritanical things which we

and brings back the legends which were already old while the world was still young? Then I have fans which I painted when I was in China and Japan, and which recall those countries to me. I seldom go anywhere, in fact, that I don't see something which I want to paint. And now that I have become so interested in the shape of a fan I'm always seeing pictures which seem to fit into that frame better than into any other. I have not given up my other painting, of course, but recently I have devoted a great deal of

wear. I was so entranced with the color of the country that I was continually taking out my paint box and trying to approximate the things which I saw. Some of these I have used in painting fans.

"Isn't it an interesting thing that people are beginning to be interested in color again? Well, that is hardly the way to express it. People love color and always have. They need it, too. They need it, I think, just as they need light and air and food and companionship and happiness. But for a long time it has been considered good taste to wear only the quiet grays and blacks and dull blues and greens. But now there seems to be a real reaction, and women are wearing the bright colors which they love and which, as I say, they need. Dresses, hats, sunshades, fans—everything which women wear are made of the most beautiful colors.

"Where do I get the ideas for my fans? Well, I can't answer that, because I don't really know myself, except that I seem to get them everywhere. Take this one, for example, which I call 'The Blue Lake.' I was walking in Central Park one day, and the wonderful blue of the water as I came out upon the lagoon was so beautiful that I felt I had to try to paint it. So I came home and painted this fan.

## At the Earth's Four Corners.

"Then many of my fans are like notebooks to me of places to which I have been. I don't need to read in any diary of how I felt when I saw the Temple of Dilwara. That is because I have painted the temple on one of my fans, and when I look at it I remember all the mystery and charm of that beautiful spot in India.

"Another one of my fans which recalls my wanderings is this one of the Red Sea. Why, just the very name awakens emotions in one, doesn't it,

time to my fans. I was very busy this winter getting an exhibit ready for the San Francisco exposition. That is why I haven't many fans in the studio just now. But I have the designs for them. "You see I always spend most of the time painting the picture on paper. Then after I have it the way I want it I paint it on the silk. The reason I do this is because I can't paint out anything on the silk. It isn't difficult to use water-colors on silk, but it is necessary to get the colors and the design right at the beginning. It makes me think of the quatrains of Omar's about the moving finger. Because when once the colors are put on the silk there is no 'fading half' or 'cancelling half a line.' What has been painted has to stay painted. So it is necessary to be very sure of what one is doing."

## The Story of the Wedding Dress.

The silk which Mrs. Zorach uses is of Japanese make and is very soft to the touch and pleasing to the eye. There is another interesting thing about it. The silk was given to her, but for a very different use from that to which it has been put. An aunt of hers bought the silk in Japan several years ago because of a letter from her niece telling her that she was engaged and soon to be married. The aunt wished to give the wedding gown. So she bought yards upon yards of the lovely silk—enough so that there should be a court train on the wedding gown. When the bride-to-be received the silk she cut off a piece of it and painted one of her fans. At first she meant only to use part of the roll, but the fan she made was the most beautiful one she had ever painted and she knew she never could find in the shops silk which would be as good for her purpose. So, there was something else for the wedding gown—and so there are many beautiful fans which Mrs. Zorach has painted.

## April Showers for June Brides

Ingenious Ways to Manage the Surprise Parties That Are Planned for the Bride-To-Be.



By EDITH BISHOP SHERMAN.

**P**ERHAPS the easiest way to give a "shower" for the bride is to send out invitations to a card party. The real object must be kept secret, for if it once reaches the bride's ears half the fun is spoiled. One bride recently, who is rather proud of her cleverness at cards, could not understand her low score at a party. Never before had she encountered such stupid partners! Never before had luck seemed so persistently against her! It was only when the hostess laughingly presented her with the booby prize, a pink, tissue-paper covered peach basket filled to overflowing with many interesting looking white bundles, that the truth dawned upon her.

At another card party, when the game was finished and the guests were listening to a pretty spring song, the singer paused at the end of the first verse and looked so intently toward the doorway that every eye followed hers. There stood a little boy dressed in mackintosh, rubber boots and cap, with a huge umbrella grasped in his fat right hand. He paused bashfully before striding in to offer his arms to the guest of honor, a June bride-to-be, to lead her out into the dining-room, where he seated her at the head of the table. The other guests followed, keeping step to the wedding march. The arrangement of the table was picturesque, the "shower" idea being still further carried out by a little green watering-pot, hanging from the chandelier that, tilting toward the bride, seemed to pour a continuous stream of water upon the heap of gifts below. This effect was obtained by streamers of white baby ribbon tied inside the spout, the other ends of which were fastened to the gifts. The favors were hand-painted place cards, white tissue paper "snapers" decorated with sprays of artificial lilies-of-the-valley and tiny pots of real ferns.

## The Possibilities a Luncheon Offers.

Luncheons provide the means for really elaborate showers. All of the hostess's originality can be expended upon the table. The white and yellow dining room of one hostess lent itself wonderfully to her scheme of decoration. Her table was a large round one which seated comfortably eighteen guests. In the center of the table stood a big doll dressed as a bride in

white satin, with long train and veil and tiny bouquet of real flowers. At each place, each facing as if parading around her, stood a smaller doll dressed as a bridesmaid, in yellow and white. These smaller dolls were made to stand alone by means of wired hoop skirts.

After an elaborate luncheon, the menu of which included everything possible that was yellow (to go with the color scheme, which was later to be the color scheme of the wedding), such as iced grapefruit, puree of split peas, chicken pate, egg salad, fish with yellow butter sauce, yellow olives, salted almonds, yellow candies, French ice cream, yellow cake, etc., the hostess gave a signal, and two girls on opposite sides of the table grasped ribbons that had hitherto hung unnoticed from the chandelier, and slowly raised the big bride doll up in the air by means of little pulleys. There, hidden beneath her white skirts and long train, throughout the luncheon, were piled the gifts, each one with a white ribbon attached to it long enough for the bride to draw it to her place.

At another luncheon, which was served in the grill room of an old inn known as the "1711 House," everything was done in Colonial style. Little spinning wheels were the favors, the maids serving wearing Puritan caps, collars, cuffs and aprons, and the room was hung with herbs and strings of dried fruits. As the grill room had once been the kitchen of the house, the immense fireplace, with its pots and kettles and crane and a roaring fire to keep out the April dampness, added much to the attractiveness of the place.

With luncheon over, the maids brought in a big "pie" and placed it before the hostess. The "pie" was fully two feet in diameter. The hostess rather nervously picked up a long, sharp knife and plunged it straight into the center of the deep dish. She seemed to follow a line across it, an invisible line; then the maids deftly removed the top of the pie and out flew four white pigeons! As they rose from the dish the beating of their wings scattered rose leaves and little paper hearts all over the table. They were soon caught and the "pie" was given to the bride-to-be. It proved to have two compartments, an upper one and a lower one. The lower one was filled with pairs of silk stockings for the bride. The hostess was asked if she had not been afraid that she would cut the live pigeons in cutting the "pie." She showed the strip of wood that divided the upper compartment into two sections, and explained that she had kept her knife close to the

wood, carefully feeling her way along, so that there was very little danger to the pigeons.

## Afternoon Tea "Showers."

The surprise part of "showers" at afternoon teas is easy to arrange. One hostess decided to so arrange it that the bride and her mother should be the last to arrive at her "shower." A few days before an intimate friend of the hostess invited the bride and her mother to go motoring with her and named the day of the "shower." Fortunately it rained that afternoon, so the friend decided nonchalantly, aloud, for the bride's benefit, to call for the hostess and carry them all over to her house. When the horn tooted its signal beneath her window the hostess stuck her head out and invited them all in, while she put on her wraps. So the unsuspecting little bride followed her mother and friend into the house, where she was confronted by all of her girl friends, laughing heartily at her astonishment. After enjoying her unfeigned amazement the hostess gently pushed her underneath an open umbrella that was hanging right side up

## "Letting the Cat Out of the Bag."

At one afternoon tea "the cat was let out of the bag" literally. The guests had all arrived, including the bride, and were chatting together, when a little girl entered the room carrying a bag almost as large as herself. Marching up to the bride, she



asked her assistance in untying the bag. Imagine the surprise when the strings were being loosened a big cat jumped out and sought refuge beneath a chair, amid shouts of laughter. The point having been made, the little girl then held the bag upside down and out tumbled all sorts of pretty things for the bride-to-be.

## A "Quilting Bee."

The custom of giving "showers" probably has developed from the old-time one of giving "bees" and sewings and quiltings for the hope chests of brides-to-be. Speaking of the latter, one was given in Orange, N. J. The hostess's family had owned, in their time, a great deal of land, which has descended, together with many interesting old relics, to the present family. Among the relics was a pair of old quilting frames, which gave the hostess her idea. She asked her family to arrange a quilting "bee," ostensibly as a surprise for her. (She was engaged to be married.) Among the guests invited were two chums, both also engaged to be married.

When all had arrived, the hostess, who up to that time had been shopping, came home and pretended to be overwhelmed with surprise at sight of the merry crowd. Then every one set to work around the two old frames. Two pieces of pretty cretonne, one of blue design, the other of yellow, with linings of colored satin to match, stuffed with cotton, were stretched upon the frames. The hostess's mother showed the guests how to thread their big needles with the blue and yellow wool yarn, how to draw the yarn through the comforters and tie a pretty bowknot on top of the cretonne at regular distances apart. Soon every one caught the knack of it and all spent a happy, though busy, afternoon at the old-fashioned task. When the quilts had been removed from their frames, their edges stitched together by the obliging mother, and the guests were sitting around the beautiful, old mahogany table, in the old room lighted only by the flickering candles, eating cakes and ice cream, the hostess rose to her feet and announced that inasmuch as her two chums had worked the hardest of all that afternoon, she thought that the quilts should be given to them. Her chums stared at her open mouthed; then they understood her pretty scheme and flew to hug her. They carried home the nice quilts, which they themselves had helped to make and which were now more precious than the most expensive silken stork quilt could ever be.



... there stood a little boy, dressed in rubber boots and mackintosh.

## Sacrifice Your Pet Extravagance This Week to Help the Unemployed

**N**IBBLE, if you must, one last piece of candy, or light one last cigar if you are a man. For after to-day you will not be able to do so with a clear conscience. That is, you will not be able to do so if you know any members of the Belgian American Relief and Unemployment Fund. For this is the day when their self-sacrifice week begins. It is to be a busy week, for the committee, headed by Mrs. M. Dryden Brewer, has planned many features. In fact, it might be urged that there will be so many interesting things to do and to see that there will be compensation for the un-eaten candies and the unsmoked cigars. And certainly there will be plenty of opportunities offered to give to the fund the money which otherwise might be spent in self-indulgence.

Until Wednesday, it is true, you may feel your sacrifice money burning a hole in your pocket. But, as you journey forth that day to market, or to club, or to office, or to shop, you will find that the committee in charge of the Belgian American Relief and Unemployment Fund has been thinking of you and of that money which you have not spent for candy and for cigars. For in any part of the city where you may be you will see great chutes down which your money may roll.

Until Friday night these chutes will be on the streets to receive the contributions of passers-by. The women in charge of them will wear regalia which will prove that they are members of the organization and make it impossible for impostors to collect money. If you are of a skeptical nature, you may satisfy yourself that the money cannot be diverted from its proper channels by noticing that the receptacles into which the coins fall are sealed in such a fashion that, while they can take in money, they cannot give it out until they have been opened in proper fashion by the officers of the fund.

Overshadowing the early days of the week, however, will be Saturday.

In a blaze of glory the week is to end with a Flag Day. Elaborate preparations are being made for this day. In Manhattan alone there will be almost one hundred stations from which vendors of flags will be sent out. The other boroughs will have their stations also.

Young women, wearing white gowns, will walk up and down the streets carrying great trays on which will be tiny American flags which can be worn in the buttonhole. That is to say, the trays will be loaded with flags when the young women set forth from their stations, but it is not expected that they will be so long. For the flags are to be sold. You can buy one for any price you will. A penny will buy a flag. But you are by no means restricted to that price. It is said, confidentially, that you cannot offer a sum too large to be received in payment for one of the tiny flags. The members of the committee are hoping that by afternoon every one on the streets will be wearing a flag and that the patriotic emblem will be seen also in offices and in schools and in homes.

Boy Scouts are to assist in the sale of the flags. For they are to act as bodyguards to the young women who carry the trays. They will clear the way for them, like couriers, and assist them in making change and in keeping

ing their trays supplied with flags. Hundreds of young women and Boy Scouts have volunteered to work to make Flag Day a success. Back and forth the young women and their guards will patrol. The city will be carefully districted, so there will not be one block where the vendors will not pass.

"All the money which we take in during this week of self-sacrifice will go for the unemployed here in New York," said Mrs. Brewer, in talking of the plans. "None of it is to go to the Belgians, except in indirect fashion. By that I mean that a number of shops are being operated where those who were unemployed have been set to work to sew on articles to be sent to the Belgians. There is a large shop, for instance, where women make layettes for the babies which are being born in Belgium. The money which we take in will be used to continue the work in these shops, as well as to help in other relief for our unemployed here at home.

"We are horrified when we are told that Belgium's bread line is 600 miles long. But while we stand aghast at that, we must not forget that there are bread lines here in New York, too. New York City, it is estimated, now has 300,000 persons out of employment.

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